

Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,
Hail! O hail the festal day.

Give the hand of friendship ere we part;
May heaven now embalm it in each heart.

CHORUS—Joyful, joyful, &c.

VIII

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

CHEER, boys, cheer, raise up your banner proudly,
Never show fear, our cause is getting strong;
The great and the good are now proclaiming loudly,
Rule for the right, and a law for the wrong.
Assert, then, boldly, fear no faction's anger,
The people's right to crush the drunkard's crime;
Arouse ye, the mass awaking from its slumber,
Demand ye a Maine Law—now is the time.

CHORUS—Cheer, boys, cheer, the world is growing
wiser.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the law is getting strong.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for right will be triumphant,

Cheer, boys, cheer, and law abolish wrong.

Cheer, boys, cheer, our beacon fires are blazing!

All o'er the land, and nobles feel the flame;

The rich and the poor are eager all in raising

Drunkards from sin and their children from shame.

Then stand ye firm; to stem the torrent sweeping

Over the land with trade and passion's power,

Evoked the law's aid, to hush the millions weeping,

Demand ye a Maine Law—now is the hour.

CHORUS—Cheer, boys, cheer, for vice is getting weaker,

Cheer, boys, cheer, for law is growing strong,

Cheer, boys, cheer, for right will be triumphant,

Cheer, boys, cheer, and law abolish wrong.